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## Queen's College Journal.

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The Editor must be acquainted with the name of the author of any article, whether local or literary.

WE are almost on the eve of another election, and yet there does not seem to be the slightest stir ament the approaching "event" of the session. Perhaps the intending candidates are profiting the time in genial hand-shaking and how-do-ye-do's, and in all probability when the contest opens it will be all the more furious. It is to be hoped that men, who, in the past have shown an interest in the welfare of the society will be in the field, and that the most deserving and best qualified will stand at the head of the poll.

THE Alma Mater Society is planning a new departure in the way of providing entertainment both for its members and the citizens of Kingston generally. A lecture from T. DeWit Talmage is on the tapis, and we hope soon to be in a position to announce to the public that the Society has secured the services of this eminent lecturer and orator. This departure, if carried out,

is an important one and one which will involve considerable responsibility, but we are confident that the people of Kingston will show in a substantial way that they appreciate the efforts of the Society in thus affording them an opportunity of hearing the greatest preacher on this continent at the present day.

REFORM is certainly necessary in the *modus operandi* of our Alma Mater elections. Hitherto there has been the greatest confusion from the opening until the closing of the poll. Many voters, contrary to their wishes, have had to spend the whole evening at the hall where the election took place, waiting for their turn to poll their votes, and for this very reason many votes have not been polled.

Some plan might easily be devised whereby all this confusion and inconvenience could be avoided. The plan of open voting is a barbarous one, and when the other reforms to which we have referred, are effected, as we are advised they will at the next election, we hope also to see the plan of voting by ballot substituted for the open vote.

THE Dialectic Club does not seem to have got astray as yet this session. The club possesses the nucleus of a library of philosophical works which would doubtless be of much advantage to students even in the junior class, but as no opportunity has yet been afforded them of becoming members of the club, they are deprived of what might prove a valuable aid in the study of Metaphysics. The discussions at

the regular meetings on topics bearing on class-work during last session were of special interest and value to those who took part in them.

The absence of the president and vice-president most probably accounts for the lethargy of the club. We trust soon to see it alive and working vigorously.

THE fiscal policy of the Government has lately been unceremoniously condemned at least as far as the colleges are concerned. Principal Grant on University night spoke of the tax on books as a remnant of barbarism, and again last week Prof. Marshall sent in a home thrust. During the summer while on the continent the worthy Professor of Physics had secured expensive additions to the Physical Laboratory. The apparatus was such as could not be possibly be obtained in Canada yet on landing it was detained by Customs. The College authorities refused point blank to pay the duty and delays resulted. During the course of the morning lecture, an experiment was needed but Prof. Marshall had to explain that though he was a month returned he had been unable to get the apparatus from Customs. He further said, "I hope gentlemen you will bear the inconvenience patiently as we should all be prepared to suffer somewhat for sake of principle." Since then we are glad for sake of Government to learn that its foolish position has been abandoned and our Laboratory is now the better by the apparatus to which we referred.

AS the college staff is now almost complete, or at least as we cannot expect many additions to it for some years to come, we would like to offer a suggestion to that venerable body, the Senate of Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. Our suggestion, put into the form of a query is this:—Would it not be a good idea for our teaching staff to

get their photos taken in a group? Many of our grads. would be glad to have such a picture and would point to this one and that one in it as reminiscences of their college days came trooping up at the sight of the well-known faces. And as for us college boys, even supposing we have money enough to purchase the separate photographs of our Profs. (which some of us haven't), yet in the first place they can not *all* be purchased, and in the second place even if they could, and if further they were all carefully preserved in a fine album, the album is often forgotten—'out of sight, out of mind.' Besides—and we only hint at it—not *every* student, not even every *freshman* would care to let everybody range through the corridors of his own private picture-gallery.

We hope the Senate will think favourably of our proposition, and will give us a finely-framed group to be hung in the Reading-room.

HOW many schemes for the employment of capital University men can suggest! This our latest however deserves more than passing notice. Our somewhat hastily prepared prospectus is as follows:—Kingston is not growing proportionately with her University. Even now the students are beginning to complain of the accommodation available for their term of residence. The want will rapidly increase, while on the part of the college authorities there seems to be no disposition to go in for a Residence pure and simple. It is difficult to make Residences with reasonable rates pay expenses, as they are only occupied during part of the year. Again it has often been wondered at that there is no summer resort in our beautiful city. Here again comes in the difficulty that in such resorts high rates must be charged because of short seasons. Now why not overcome these difficulties by a sort of patent combination. The summer season

and the college session do not clash in any way and we think the scheme of combining a first class University residence and summer resort is feasible. A word to the enterprising is sufficient.

As usual, we are always meeting trouble halfway, but we would just like to ask what we are going to do in the way of athletics when the football season closes, though there seems to be every likelihood of its continuing until the Christmas holidays.

Our Gymnasium is in a horrid state of repair; in fact it is almost a libel on the term to name it by this title. Already during the past two years sufficient funds have been expended on it to equip it fairly well, and the question arises what has become of all the apparatus? We would suggest to the officers of the Gym. if they find it impossible to keep their furniture and appliances safely during the summer vacation in the building now occupied, that they should transfer them to the college buildings at the close of each session where they would be in safe keeping until again required. Something must surely be done to replace the missing property, but how to set about this we would not undertake to advise. Perhaps the Alma Mater, or some other flourishing college society, that is at a loss to know how to dispose of its treasury funds will step forward and help a weak brother. We would not, however, recommend the A.M.S. to undertake any extra responsibility in this direction, as the Gymnasium should, if any college concern is, be self-sustaining, and besides the Alma Mater Society, we are sorry to say, is sadly in need of the sympathy and support of every undergraduate.

ENTHUSIASTIC professor of physics, discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms. "Now, if I should shut my eyes—so—and drop my head—so—and should not move, you would say I was a clod. But I move. I leap I run: then what do you call me?" Voice from the rear: "A clod-hopper!"

"It was a glorious Autumn day. Beneath my feet the brown leaves crisped and rustled while above those brighter colors came out clear and distinct against the blue sky. I was sauntering along King Street near the park, musing on days gone by when all those scenes were so familiar. Suddenly above the snatched din of the business centre strains of music strike my ear, now dying away in almost imperceptible cadences and again swelling out loud and clear. I turn my steps in the direction of the sound and soon find myself before the University buildings. Passing up the long avenue a striking scene opens before me. To the left a beautiful lawn stretches out its velvet sward. Flags are flying from a handsome building familiarly known as "the gyn" while a tasty pavilion is gaily with hunting and the brightly coloured costumes of the ladies who are rapidly filling it. Scattered over the lawn are a great number of students waiting as if to participate in some athletic contest, while many a long ulster conceals a perfect physique which as yet is not to be seen. The scene makes me wish my college days had been put back several years, and wondering much at such a change I question a "gown" standing close by. The question seems to waken agreeable thoughts and I am gladly told the history of the lawn and "gyn" which are now being opened by a grand inter-collegiate football and athletic tournament. Upon a small obelisk near by I read ———Lawn. The name has been given by grateful students in perpetuation of the name and memory of the generous donor. My feel. . . ."

Ra-ta-ta—"Say have you got that article on University lawn ready?"

"No Mac. It's no use. I can't get fixed to the present. My imagination looks into the vista of the future—" "Yes I know but give me what you have and we will put it through."

So I gave it. Hence the above.

#### MOSES MAKES A VISIT.

ONE day Moses had been laboriously pegging away at his Hebrew when, getting tired of his occupation, he threw himself back in his chair and fell to thinking how careless students intending to enter the ministry got while they were at college.

With Moses to think was very often to act, and so, putting on his overcoat and cap, he determined to make his Christianity a little more practical by paying a visit to the fatherless and the widow.

He reaches a wretched street (euphemisti-

cally called Paradise) and enters one of its worst houses. He finds in it a woman, whose husband had died a few months before, and several dirty, noisy young ones. She offered him the only chair in the place and bade him sit down.

Now it so happened that this chair had seen its best days and was decidedly rickety—feeble in the joints. It soon began to make ominous noises under substantial Moses, which caused him to sit bolt upright, hands on his knees, ready for a spring. He would have got off altogether only he didn't want to hurt the woman's feelings.

He made some inquiries into her circumstances, temporal and spiritual, and then drew forth his Bible, finding that she thought "there wasn't no great harm in sich things."

And now Moses, becoming interested, forgot all about the chair and, waxing warm as he read the Word of Truth, emphasized his comments by divers gestures. The chair got energetic too, and creaked like an old ox-cart or sand-hill crane. He reached the verse, "Thy Throne, O God, is forever and ever." "Not like the thrones of earthly kingdoms," remarked Moses; (creak went the seat.) "They pass away;" (crack-crack.) "They often vanish when seeming most secure." Cr-r-a-sh! crash! was heard, and Moses, clutching at a broken bowl to save himself, bowl, chair and Moses were scattered over the floor.

The Bible flew out of his hands and hit the baby on the nose. It began to scream at the top of its voice and two of the other children followed suit.

In bounced one of the Amazons of Paradise with a broomstick, (she had been suspicious of that meek-faced scamp ever since he appeared at the end of the street), and dealt him a thwack across the shoulder.

Moses was on his feet in a trice. "My dear madam," he began, but had to dodge behind the table to avoid the second blow.

"My dear madam," he began again——  
"Dear madam! I'll 'dear madam' you. Ugh! you oil-tongue! You Scribes-and-Pharisees-hypocrites. Ugh! Begone! Point! Make yourself scarce. Ugh! You Judas." And every time she said "Ugh" she made a desperate pass at him with the stick.

Finding explanations impossible, and also that he was exceedingly unsafe in his present quarters, Moses watched for a favorable moment and, picking up book, cap and coat, darted out the door and down the street.

The Amazon ran after him to the board-walk and shouted out "You'll call to-morrow won't you, cream-face? Ugh! you escaped convict, you'll rob another honest woman, will you? Put on a white choker and you'll do for a parson. Ugh! you sancty-moneyus chicken-heart." And there she stood showering blows in imagination upon Moses' devoted head, until he rounded the corner and was lost to sight.

Whereupon alternately rubbing his shoulder and pulling out splinters from the rear of his pants he thus reflected: "Ha, the vixen! Next time I visit I'll buy a suit of complete steel. That was a bad fall. Next time I'm asked to take a chair I'll say, 'No thank you, madam, I prefer the stove or the coal-scuttle.' If I had rolled against the table I would have smashed every article of furniture in the house. I ought to pay for the damages. I'll warrant Paul was never in perils of the broomstick. I guess he'd have said so if he was. (Ha, the fiend! She flourished about like a windmill). 'False brethren' can't hold a candle to a virago. Poor Tapperton! Poor Mose! Before I make another visit in Paradise I'll call out the military, and get a posse of police. I'm thankful there are no bones broken."

While he was thus talking to himself all at once his face lit up and, chuckling to himself, he said, "Well, the adventure has given me a riddle at all events. Why is Moses Tapperton like Adam and Eve? Because he was driven out of Paradise."

And so in tolerably good humor he got to his boarding house in time for tea; but what puzzled Kit, his chum, was why for some time after he always felt the chair before he sat down, and why he was so tickled when he read the papers at every case of assault and battery.

A YARN.

IT was a couple of weeks ago, on the afternoon of a Friday, an unlucky day at best, that we were sitting in the sanctum preparing copy for this number of the JOURNAL. Everything was quiet, when a slow measured step was heard coming along towards the door. There was a pause, and then a thrice repeated knock, which had something hollow and sepulchral about it. On an ordinary occasion every man in the room would have shouted "come in," but now each looked inquiringly at the other, as if to ask who was killed, or who would open the door. The managing ed. laid down his stylus and turning around to the fighting editor, who was wielding a pair of dumb bells in one corner, hoarsely whispered "open the door." But the valiant one heard not, or if he heard he heeded not. Then up rose the representative of Divinity Hall, who fears not ghosts or spirits, and bravely striding to the door threw it wide open, when in stepped, not a spirit, but real bone and flesh in the person of our old friend "Nibs." Mournful indeed he looked, with sundry bits of sticking plaster ornamenting his usually benign countenance, and a huge red bandana enveloping his jaw. In short, he was but a dilapidated wreck of his former self. We all gazed at him sadly, as if waiting for him to say something. However, he uttered not a word, so at last I broke the silence. "Why, Nibs, you poor unfortunate, what's struck you now? You look like the remains of last session's senior reunion. Have you been playing football, or getting into difficulty with a sensitive bull?" "My usual luck, Fred, my usual luck. 'Twas ever thus in childhood's hours, and still it clings to me like a postage stamp to a cream laid envelope. In everything I ever undertake I come out at the wrong end of the horn." "Explain yourself, old man," broke in Mac. "Why, Nibs, our hearts bleed for you.

Tell us the yarn and be consoled." "It's the old, old story, boys. You have all read it before, and I have too, but this is the first time I ever had it so forcibly or so practically illustrated. Not my fault either, for I'm sure I treated her fairly enough. You see I've seen her a good deal at the S.A. meetings and so on, but I never had a chance to get an introduction until last night, when I saw Tommy bow to her as she was entering the door of the hall. I at once tackled Tom, and he introduced us at the end of the meeting. She was sweet as pie, said she'd often noticed me and had always wished for an introduction, and in fact she fairly took my breath away. Of course I chimed in and gave a pretty answer each time, so that we got along swimmingly. On the way to her paternal abode she remarked that it was getting chilly. Here I thought was my chance to show her how much I was willing to sacrifice for her comfort, so I gallantly offered her half of my greatcoat, to which she answered that she thought that would be rather "too tight" a squeeze for her. As it was for her to judge I didn't *press* her to accept my offer. So I tried to administer to her comfort in another way and was very well satisfied with my success, and so apparently was she. I was enjoying it finely, but just as we were passing under some large shade trees, and my bliss had reached its climax, thunder and blitzen! I thought I was struck by an earthquake. I just had time to see some fellow jump out from behind one of those big trees, and to hear that girl say "Give it to him, Charley," when somebody or something began to pound me all over. I was just fairly clawed about for nearly three minutes by the town clock, at the end of which time I felt rather sick and began to squeal. Then I heard some one say: "Now, I hope that'll teach you to fool with my girl," and I vaguely saw the two of them walk off together. I sat

there on the boardwalk for fully half an hour, when a "bobby" came along and told me to move on. I explained that I had been assaulted by about fifty John L. Sullivans with bludgeons, and asked him to call a cab, which he did, and I managed to get home and into bed. When I woke up this morning I felt as if I had been used as a football ever since Queen's Club was started. I patched myself up as you see and managed to hobble down here, and now I want your advice." We considered the matter in our solemn conclave for some time, and at last it was decided to put Nibs under medical treatment and try and get particulars as to his assailant. We unanimously agreed in recommending him not to fool with another fellow's girl in the future.

—FRED.

#### VERSES.

##### THE TWO OF US.

We stood on the bank of a river,  
In the fair summer weather;  
I wanted her to come a ride with me,  
She answered 'No' quite laughingly;  
*I pressed her harder than I should,*  
It put her in an angrier mood,  
*So we fell out.*

We were still on the bank of the river  
In the fair summer weather,  
But in my heart it was no longer fair;  
I knocked the green-gray moss into the air;  
It fell into the stream. As if I'd found  
Relief from anger, I stamped upon the ground,  
*I pressed it harder than I should,*  
The bank had been cut into by the flood,  
*So I fell in.*

She screamed and yelled and wept salt, bitter tears,  
Which drenched her to the skin,  
So when I got me out and calmed her fears  
To ride it was too thin;  
For if I may speak true  
We were both of us wet through,  
We did not *take a ride*—we didn't want to roam,  
We took the road—the shortest one—and put for home.

—KORAX.

THE higher education of women is not being overlooked in Manitoba. News comes from Brandon that a ladies' college is to be established there. The location is to be on the Johnston estate, and is a very healthy and pleasant one.

#### INSTALLATION OF PROFESSORS ROSS AND GOODWIN.

##### INAUGURAL LECTURE BY PROF. ROSS.

Subject: Physical Science and the Possibility of Miracles.

CONVOCATION Hall was not half filled when the clock struck eight and the Principal and Professors filed into the room. The Rev. Robert Campbell, M.A., opened convocation with prayer. The Chairman Dr. Grant, after stating that the absence of the Chancellor was a matter of necessity not of choice, read the minutes of a previous meeting of the Board and the appointment of the Rev. Donald Ross, M.A. B.D., of Lachine Q., as Professor of Apologetics and New Testament Criticism; and then put to him the usual questions and received the usual replies. When the new professor had been welcomed as a member of the Senate by the Chairman and Professors he was called upon to deliver the inaugural lecture "Physical Science and the Possibility of Miracles," of which we have space only for the merest outline.

The lecturer began by paying a tribute to the work of science. "A large number of the best thinkers of the day," he proceeded "were spending their lives in its pursuit. The advance of science however, tended to give a materialistic cast to the thought of the time. Science had by many been thrown into a hostile attitude towards Christianity. Materialism was heralded as the Gospel of the future and we were to worship Force. But there is in truth, no conflict between science and religion. Such a belief is due to a confusion of thought. Science is that kind of knowledge which is based on observation. Theories do not fall within its scope. Much that is called science is mere superstition, not knowledge, fiction not reality. Science deals with the tangible; it registers and systematizes facts. When, therefore, it transgresses these bounds and talks of the reality underlying phenomena it usurps the sphere of speculation.

Again on the other hand Reason cannot originate the truths of Revelation, although it can intelligently receive them when properly presented. To originate and to apprehend were two quite different things; the former implied a creative the latter only a receptive faculty. This distinction is very much the same as that observed between the faculty of the poet on the one hand, and that of the intelligent reader on the other. Revelation is transcendental truth, *i.e.* truth not originated by human intelligence, not yet *wholly* comprehended, but apprehended and received. Theological dogma is not revealed truth but only the interpretation put upon revealed truth by certain writers. Even the doctrine of Evolution is not contrary to Revelation. That doctrine if true—though it has not yet been proved—would only proclaim the method by which the Supreme Wisdom chooses to work. Before science and revealed religion can be absolutely opposed, we must establish the possibility of generating life. This some of the most eminent scientists contend is impossible. Further we hold that the spirit of man is

not the result of molecular forces and that science is unable to explain mind in terms of matter.

The truths of Christianity, though intelligently accepted by us, are of *supernatural* origin. Christianity cannot be accepted unless miracles be allowed. Inasmuch as Reason cannot prove the truth of the divine communication, that communication must present to us a visible and external sign of its truth, which can be nothing but a miracle. Religion stands or falls with miracles. Science pronounces miracles impossible. Here then is the battle-ground of revealed religion and physical science. Although the fact that science has from time to time wrested provinces from the realm of the supernatural yet no expansion of scientific knowledge will reduce Christianity to the vanishing point. Finally all the sciences in their fundamental principles conduct us into metaphysical problems.

What is a miracle? A miracle is the interposition in the train of nature's sequences of an antecedent not found within the sphere of nature and undiscoverable by scientific research; it is an effect produced by the intrusion of the supernatural into the realm of the natural. Against the above, scientists argue that natural sequences cannot be broken, that the law of cause and effect cannot be set aside. This objection involves a confusion of thought, which has arisen because of a misconception of the term "Law." Now "Law" is a name given to an observed order of sequences, to the mode of action of some hidden power. It is not itself an independent entity. The only cause we know is Will-force. All secondary causes originate in volition. This is disputed by those who maintain the theory of the Conservation of Energy.

The Lecturer hereupon dealt with this theory showing that it held good only of an eternal force continually reinforcing itself; after which he went on to enumerate some miracles.

I. Creation was brought about by interference in the prevailing disorder of matter and was consequently a miracle.

II. The uniformity of nature was again broken by the appearance of life. This was another miracle. Although it is contended that we find in matter, 'the forms and potencies of all kinds and qualities of life', all attempts to generate life from matter have failed.

III. The prophetic utterances of Scripture lie outside the natural laws. Prophecies are not adequately accounted for by unusual genius and foresight. The predictions of Astronomy again are not in the literal sense prophecies but only deductions from ascertained data. Such a prediction means only that if the conditions remain the same, then such and such will take place. In this there is not present that contingency found in the history of nations. And lastly, many accurate guesses and clever predictions are based upon only a rare power of drawing correct inferences from confused facts."

At this juncture the lecturer developed a fine argument in the course of which he met the atheistic scientist on

his own ground. He dealt with Spencer's theory concerning the reduction of matter &c., to Force and proceeding from that he closed with the proof of the supremacy of intelligence drawn from the evidences of internal adaptation. He noticed that the antagonism between religion and science was in the hearts of many giving place to an enlightened comprehension of the province of each, and that the feelings of many eminent theologians as they gathered about Darwin's grave were very different from those they had entertained on first perusing his doctrine of evolution; and he hoped that the time was drawing nigh when for all there would be "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL, QUEEN'S VS. BELLEVILLE.

*Quis credas enim legit alibi quæ spiravit.*

ON Saturday (Oct. 27th), early in the morning and before old Sol had shown himself above the embattlements of the fort, a bus might be seen moving noisily about the streets of the Limestone city, gathering up the various members of the Association Football team. And when the last man, and he the spare man at that, had been summoned from a breakfast, which he was hastily trying to dispose of, by the Indian war-whoops and yells of being left, of the other members; then the odd dozen of jolly collegians having crowded into the bus, the whole affair rolled off to the station to the tune of 'We'll roll the old chariot along.' As it would be some time before 'The Mixed' was ready to start the various members employed the time in roaming around the dreary station or in making excursions down to the gate to see if the last man was in sight. It is always necessary on such occasions that some one will consider it his duty to be late, and this was no exception to the rule. So anxious was the delinquent to be late that he was actually left behind, and so anxious were the other members to see if he were coming, that they were almost left too, and it was only by scrambling on the train as it moved out of the station that this was prevented. A start having now been made the boys proceed to make themselves easy, but this could not last long as the spirits of a football team are not of a quiescent nature but bubble up like the waters of a spring, and seek to vent their activity in movement; so a game of football was necessary in the car, and the ball was banged around and kicked in a furious manner, placing the lamps and other glassware in imminent danger of being sent to smithereens. Again when the train made its usual halts for no particular reason, except it may have been to give the engineer a rest, the ball was taken outside and a practice game held. Still, though the train was slow yet it was sure for at last we were safely landed in Belleville. Some of the High School boys were down to meet us, so we immediately adjourned to a street car in which were packed about twice as many as it was built to hold. Still the more the merrier for the mile

or more into the city was beguiled with College and Salvation songs, while the peace-abiding citizens of Belleville gazed in astonishment, thinking that perhaps the lunatics from Kockwood were out for a holiday. Finally we reached our hotel, and as there was some time before dinner, the boys scattered about to see the sights. Dinner having been partaken of, we immediately set out for the field of battle, on our way thither some of the boys sped away up the road what appeared to be the shade of the person we had left behind in Kingston. On our nearer approach it was seen to move, and then a shout went up as it was seen to be the individual himself in flesh and blood. He afterwards explained that arriving at the station just as the train left, he managed to come up on a freight, which accounted for his sudden appearance in our midst. When the football field was reached, our boys immediately got the ball going and proceeded to spy out the ground as well as to get a little warming up before the match began. The field was a very inferior one, half of it being very good while the remainder was extremely rough. Play did not begin till two, though the visitors were ready and waiting for half an hour before that time. The Captain of the Queen's team lost the toss and so the choice of goals; as it was there was no material advantage one way or the other. The College team was as follows: Dunning in goal, backs, Irving and Dyle; half-backs, McColl and Heslop; right wing forward McLeod, Bertram; centre, J. McLennan, R. McLennan; left-wing, Mitchell and Pirie. Umpire for Queen's, A. McLachlan, Referee H. Burdette. Our boys had the kick off, the ball was immediately rushed down the field by the High School to be as quickly returned again, and placed in close proximity to their goal. In fact this seemed to be its normal resting place. A shot on goal by Pirie just slipped past the outside of the post, a kick from goal resulted, but the ball immediately came back to the goal line, and soon a corner kick followed, which being kicked by Bertram nearly resulted in a goal, the ball once more passing just outside. The School was again and again forced to kick it behind their own goal line, and Bertram kicked off a number of beautiful corners from one of which McLeod headed a goal; then just before half-time, Mitchell secured the ball a short distance down the field, and by dodging all his opponents he rushed the ball to the goal and kicked it through. Half-time being called goals were changed, and the ball took up a position in and around the opposite end of the field, remaining there till time was called, Mitchell having in the meantime received another goal. During the whole match the ball rarely passed the centre-field in the direction of the Queen's goal, and when it did Irving invariably returned it with one of his long kicks or a good run up the field. As soon as this match was over the boys were immediately driven up to the Institute for Deaf and Dumb where the second match was to be played. On the way over the boys sang with great gusto. The second match was begun right away. Queen's having again lost the toss was forced to kick up hill, the ball im-

mediately travelled towards the upper goal and soon after a foul was claimed and a free kick resulted just in front of the goal, the ball was played by McLeod and quickly kicked through goal by Pirie before the deaf mutes knew where it had gone. The ball remained mostly in the upper part of the field going down occasionally, but being returned immediately by Heslop or Irving. Mr J. McLennan secured the ball and cleverly dodging several opponents kicked the second goal for Queen's. When half-time was called the ball now took up its position at the lower end of the field, and though a number of corner kicks were secured, no goals resulted, from them. During the second half the Institute made several determined rushes up the field and once almost secured a goal, they also got one corner but nothing resulted from it. Great praise is due to the goal-keeper of the opposing team for the manner in which he warded off shot after shot which were showered on his goal. The deaf mutes played an excellent game and it was wonderful to see the way in which they picked up punts during the second half, in dodging, heading and passing. Our boys did not play as good a team game as we would like to see, still they did their best under the circumstances. McLeod and Bertram played splendidly together their passing being much admired and very effective. Pirie showed himself to be by far the best dodger, and he and Mitchell did excellent work together. The centre forwards did not play as well as might have been expected, still J. McLennan did good work especially in the last half of the second match when the boys were getting pretty well tired. Heslop and McColl worked well, the former rarely letting the ball past him, while Irving was ready for all such occasions as it did, and immediately sent it back again. We cannot criticize Dunning's play in goal, for as he had nothing to do he did it well. When the game was over the players sat down to a sumptuous repast prepared by the officers of the Institution, and as might be expected after a double match, did ample justice to it. Afterwards were shown through the building, where we saw the 240 odd inmates at their supper and then the girls at play, one little girl of about six or seven repeated "Nearer my God to Thee" and the "Lord's Prayer" in the language of gesture, while another who had never heard a word in her life could articulate, speaking words and sentences. Principal Matheson was very kind and invited the boys to his house where a very pleasant evening was spent with himself and family, a number of young ladies being present which made it all the more agreeable.

On our way back to the city a halt was made on invitation at the residence of Mr. Livingstone a former resident and City Father of Kingston, who was pleased to see us, and if it had not been so late would have had us in to see him. So with "For he is a jolly good fellow" we passed on our way to the hotel. Leaving Belleville on the midnight train we reached Kingston early Sunday morning.

*"Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue."*

[The modesty of the writer of this article forbade his mentioning himself (centre forwards) except in terms of doubtful praise; but we are able to bear willing testimony to his thoughtful and admirable play. (Sporting Ed.)



**CALIBAN.**

CALIBAN was 'got by the devil himself upon the witch Sycorax, and so is not human but a 'demi-devil' (V. i. 272). It is important, in order to understand his character, to remember that, although he had flesh, blood and bones as we have, he is yet in his thoughts and feelings, a worthy representative of his race. He needs must curse and is in truth a devil incarnate. Before entering upon any detailed study of his life and motives it will be necessary to give some account of the events which occurred previous to the opening of the play.

Sycorax had because of her sorceries been banished from Argier or Algiers—for some reason which Shakespeare does not tell as she was banished, not burned—and brought forth her son shortly after having been left by the sailors on a desert island. (I. 2. 201-271). We are told nothing of the last years of her life except that she was powerful in her witchcraft, that she could control the moon, and the ebb and flow of the sea. (V. 1. 269-70.) and that she had confined Ariel, her servant, in a cloven tree, because he would not obey her 'earthly and abhorred commands'. (I. 2. 272). For some time, however, she had been dead and Caliban was king. (I. 2. 332, I. 2. 343).

While Caliban was ruling the island Prospero the rightful Duke of Milan and Miranda his daughter, driven from Milan and let loose upon the sea in a crazy vessel, were cast upon its shores. Prospero had been more of a student than a statesman and had become deeply versed in magic. After his arrival he liberates Ariel and makes Caliban his servant. Both he and Miranda treat Caliban kindly. (I. 2. 334, 347). It is to be noted that Miranda overcame her repugnance, which was at first aroused even by looking upon the unlovely monster, (I. 2. 311), and herself at times superintended his education. In her own fanciful way (caused, it may be, by being left so much to herself) she pointed out to him the man in the moon with his dog and bush. (II. 2. 128). It is likely that on one of these occasions, when they were alone together, Caliban attempted to violate her honour, and would have succeeded but for the timely arrival and intervention of Prospero. (I. 2. 348-9).

From that time forth Prospero changed his plans and confined Caliban in a rock, only giving him liberty to do the necessary chores about the house. (I. 2. 362, 6). Whenever he was insubordinate and rebelled against the kind treatment which even after this Prospero bestowed upon him, spirits sent by Prospero himself compel him to do his master's bidding or to hasten him in his task. (II. 2. 1-17).

THE widow of Senator Zach. Chandelar has given \$1,000 to establish a scholarship in the Women's Medical College of Chicago, for the benefit of women who intend to become missionaries.

A DANDY, wishing to be witty, accosted an old rag-man as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes, jump in, jump in!"

**COLLEGE SOCIETIES.**

**ALMA MATER SOCIETY.**

THE meeting of this society on Saturday evening last was one of more than usual interest. Owing to the fact that a great many members were out of the city the attendance was not as large as it would otherwise have been. Mr. Gandier occupied the chair in the absence of the President. After the business of the evening, which was chiefly routine, was concluded, Mr. T. Carr Anderson took the chair, and the society proceeded to debate the subject "Resolved, that high intellectual culture tends to diminish sympathy with the people." Mr. Gandier opened the debate for the affirmative in an able and eloquent speech. He said that by the term "people" we are to understand the common people or the great mass of the working people. The attainment of high intellectual culture implies not merely that a man receive a good education, but that he devote his whole life to the cultivation of his mind. Sympathy is a self-conscious feeling of unity, and must necessarily be strongest in those who have common interests. In attaining to high culture of the mind a man must separate himself from the common people and their interests, and the further a man extends his culture, the more he widens the gap between himself and the people. Mr. Gandier dilated on this point at some length.

In opposition, Mr. McKinnon, leader of the negative, maintained that intellectual culture implied more than mere booklore, and that true culture was the gaining of a knowledge of humanity, and a full insight into the ways of men. The better a man becomes acquainted with his fellow men, the better he is able to sympathize with them in their wants. Mr. McKinnon brought forward several instances of highly cultured philanthropists benefiting mankind most nobly. Instead of diminishing he claimed that high intellectual culture rather tended to increase man's sympathy with his fellow-men. Mr. Shanks, in supporting the affirmative advanced several practical instances in support of his arguments, referring more particularly to the successful work done by the Salvation Army in our own city, as an example of how a stronger bond of sympathy exists between people all of the lower classes, than between the lower and higher classes.

The other speakers were Messrs. W. Chambers, B. A., and J. McKinnon, both of whom advanced weighty arguments in favour of their respective sides. After the leaders had summed up their arguments, the chairman decided in favour of the affirmative.

We would take this opportunity of urging on all, more particularly the younger students, the advisability of a more regular attendance upon the meetings of the Alma Mater.

The attendance so far this season has been away below the average, but we sincerely trust that it will be much larger in future. All students should make it a point to cultivate their elocutionary abilities, as these will be found exceedingly useful in after life.

## \*EXCHANGES\*

WE, the exchange editor, in opening once again this column of the JOURNAL, want to give our readers an outline of what it will be our endeavour to do. It is, first of all, not our aim to befoul any of our exchanges. To ridicule is a much easier matter than to appreciate. It is one thing to skim through a college paper in about forty-five seconds by the clock and cry "rubbish" as you toss it back into its pigeon hole, and quite another thing carefully for, say, ten minutes to peruse its contents and discover if there is anything of sufficient value to merit notice.

It is our intention, however poorly we may carry it out, not to bestow indiscriminate praise or indiscriminate blame. We do not wish to rub our brothers' backs with either soft velvet or a curry comb. If all were sweets our exchanges might get sick; if all were bitter they might squirm, unless, indeed, in both cases they considered us unworthy of a second thought. We mean to attempt to make our remarks that well-known combination of sweets and sour which everyone esteems delicious. To accomplish this end we will bestow upon our work all our possible time, and all the qualifications, be they few or many, which it is our good fortune to possess, telling our exchanges, as we now send them one and all a hearty greeting, that we could not be better pleased than to be weighed on our own scales and measured by our own foot-rule.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* for September contains a well-written story, entitled "Said the Spider to the Fly." Tanglewood is skilfully described. The observations of "Poor Nappits": "If it ain't a fixin' to rain," "If there ain't the stage, it must be agoin' to them fashion houses on the hill," are, we think, excellent, and Helen's letter home is racy and amusing. But we think that Scene V is perhaps not quite so good as the others. We judge that it had not rained until after the fly had been caught in the spider's web, for in that case no young lady would have sunk into any rustic seat in a garden. In plain prose if she had she would have got her clothes wet. But even though it had not rained there had been "wind, clouds, blackness, thunder, lightning," and the wind still "rocked the trees." Everything seemed to indicate a downpour. That was enough to make it unlikely that two people should beled at such a time to choose a garden as a resort. In the same paper, amongst the "Voices," is a short disposition on the use of the term "boot-lick." We would refer the *Lit.* to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, iii, 2-22.

CAL. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.  
And again, iv, i, 214-16.

CAL. Do that good mischief which may make this island.

Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For age thy foot-licker.

No. 2 of the *Acta Columbian* has its usual quota of good prose and good verse. We especially commend the tales, or yarns as they are sometimes called, which appear in its pages, for their freedom from vulgarisms. The *Acta* will believe us serious when we congratulate it upon its manly tone. We hope it will never descend so far as to admit into its pages stories which many of our newspapers of to-day seem to think contain no humor unless they now and then at least border on the profane. The *Acta* is teaching the public press (if it is not too mighty proud to take a lesson from a college paper) that it is possible to be pleasant and witty without at the same time being coarse.

The *Oberlin Review* for October 6th contains an article which we notice here not so much for what it actually is

as for what the author promises to be. The article in question is called "John Keats," and it is written by Stella A. Davidson. There is, perhaps, too great a tendency in it to make use of figures, while some passages in the piece convey to us (though they might not have done so had we not known the sex of the author) the idea that Miss Davidson was mourning over Keats as if he had been her own lover. We note "Poor Keats!" and "What more could we ask of a poet? Ah, a longer life," and "Let us leave on his grave a quiet query for what might have been to Keats, and a throb of pity for what was." Byron was of a different humor when he wrote:

Who killed John Keats,  
"I" says the *Quarterly*,  
So savage and Tartarly,  
"Twas I killed John Keats."

We like the article and hope it is not the last we shall see in the *Review* by the writer.

The *Astrum Alberti*, No. 2, is full of life and vigor. We heartily endorse the course it has mapped out for itself in one of the editorials. Its aim is not to grow great, if to grow great means at the same time to grow tedious. It does not want fame if to be known the world over means to be neglected by its own grads. It does not wish learned articles on "such interesting subjects as 'The Greek Particle.'" The reason of its existence is to "bind the grads. of old Albert to their *Alma Mater*. In order to secure this end the *Astrum Alberti* would be content, if need to be, to narrow its pages and shorten its contributions.

Our neighbor is right. He agrees with Shakespeare, who puts these words into the mouth of Sir John Falstaff: "Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow."

## \*VARSITY AND PRINCIPAL GRANT'S ADDRESS.

Its no use *Varsity*: There are two sides to every question, and while confident of our own position we really thought you could put a "better face" on your side. Your article is too assertive in tone. The people of Ontario in general want proof and the friends of Queen's in particular want very convincing proof of the justice and necessity of Vice-Chancellor Mulock's suggestions before they are acknowledged. Again we think you are unfair to Dr. Grant in saying his address was premature. His course was honest and straightforward and such as a representative of the parties interested should have taken. And is it not unkind to Mr. Mulock to hint that his Convocation address should not have been taken notice of on the earliest possible opportunity? But we are not now going to discuss the position. It is hard for both parties to be fair and we are not going in the way of temptation till compelled so to do. Until University College people have the courage of their asserted convictions and make a direct appeal to Government the JOURNAL will bide in peace. When the question is squarely before the public we will doubtless have something to say.

In the article referred to there is an evident attempt to be courteous. Apart from a classical tag at its close and one or two remarks which have no connection with the subject the tone is fairly satisfactory. Cultivate such a spirit *Varsity*, because when the discussion really comes we want it carried on in an earnest manly way. We are much pleased with the letter of "Univeritas" in your issue of the 27th. It is deserving of consideration and will no doubt in due time receive a reply from the proper source.

A LADY and gentleman accidentally touched each other's feet under the table. "Secret telegraphy," said she. "Communion of soles," said he.

# PERSONALS.

\*We would invite correspondence from graduates and alumni of Queen's with regard to contributions to this column.

D. M. TAVISH, M.A., is holding special meetings with Queen's with regard to contributions to this column.

A. GANDIER, '84, has been meeting with splendid success in the mission field along the Upper Ottawa during this last summer.

S. WOODS, M.A., who lectured to the senior classes in Latin and Greek before the appointment of Prof. Fletcher, has been appointed Principal of the Ottawa Ladies' College. Mr. Woods is very popular at the capital, more especially among the young ladies of the College, who find his pleasant manners and kindly words decidedly acceptable.

JOHN P. HUME, B.A., '81, late assistant master in the Brantford High School, has been appointed head master of the Dunville High School. The position he has vacated will be filled until Christmas by Arpad Givan, B.A., '82, who will then return to Queen's for a post graduate course.

JIM CONNELL, '84, has accepted a position on the teaching staff of the Dundas High School. He expects to graduate in the spring.

P. F. LANGILL, '82, is pursuing his theological studies this session at Princeton. In Mr. Langill the Missionary Society and Y.M.C.A. lose an active and efficient worker.

MESSES J. P. McNAUGHTON and A. G. FARRELL, of '84, have just returned from the North-West and joined their class.

R. C. MURRAY, '83, has returned from his mission field near Brandon, Man. A Brandon paper informs us that Mr. Murray was presented with a purse containing \$400 by his congregation on the eve of his departure. We are anxiously awaiting a summons to attend an oyster supper, at which our friend R.C.M. will preside as host.

CHARLIE HERALD, '84, has been compelled to discontinue his classes for the present on account of failing health.

ROD McKAY, '82, has returned this session to complete his post graduate course in mathematics.

# DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

WITH apologies to the V.O., we beg to announce that the degree of S.A. (Smart Alex) will be conferred upon any one who answers satisfactorily the following three questions:

1. If three Dutchmen eat one Billy goat in ten days, how many yards of moonshine will make a freshman a gown.
2. From O as a center construct the greatest uncommon agitator, draw a locus parallel to the intrinsic deviator, and punctuate the thermometer. What will be the result?
3. Who shot the first Indian, where did he hit him, and what ought to be done with a man who doesn't take the JOURNAL?

On, I say, we had a great joke in Physics to-day. You know the Professor was lecturing on compressibility, and after converting an imaginary rubber ball into nothingness, he says "and so, gentlemen, the end would be there would be nothing left for us to squeeze." The bare thought of such an awful possibility was too much for the class, which smiled very audibly. The lively splutter was let off by the co-eds, and indeed it was only after some time, and by desperate efforts, that the jolly Professor regained his equanimity.

"HELLO, Nibs, have you heard the latest from Physics?" "Yes, I think so, all about that 'compressibility'." "No, no; after that." "Oh, well, tell us." "Well, you see, it was spiral springs, and the Professor, putting weight to four or five, set them off on the jump. Well, sir, it may be a Newtonian joke, but to see the war dance those jumping jacks executed was comical. One of the innocents went back after lecture and found that the Professor was repeating the experiment on the frantic jacks, to the immense jollification of himself and his bench-boy, Dennis."

POOR, M. begins to think that his mild innocent class sleeps with one eye open.

THE following true story has, perhaps, never appeared in print. The names of the persons figuring in the incident are for obvious reasons suppressed:

At a meeting of Presbytery in the Eastern Provinces there was a good deal of wit being exchanged between several of the reverend gentlemen present, at which one of the number, who, by the way, was more at home when speaking Gaelic than English, became rather annoyed, and getting on his feet addressed the Moderator: "Mr. Moderator! I rise to order. I hold that it is inconsistent with the dignity of any Church Court to indulge in such levituousness." This did not seem to have the desired effect as might be supposed, whereupon he again jumped up (excitedly): "Mr. Moderator! I rise to order again. A while ago I repudiated this Assembly for levituousness, and there doesn't seem to be much improvement." This was too much for the gravity of the Moderator, who, being rather a corpulent gentleman, began to shake with laughter, when the man from the North, in great wrath, turned upon him with: "And, Mr. Moderator, I hold that no brother or father, from the oldest to the youngest member here assembled, has any right to say haw haw, haw!"

After the pangs of laughter caused by this speech had subsided, another member arose. He was very thin and tall, being considerably over six feet, was never known to laugh, and was very slow of speech. He had been to Scotland to finish his education and dearly loved Scotch institutions, so much so in fact that if, in an argument, he could cite a Scottish precedent, that finished the argument in his estimation. When he had stretched himself deliberately to his full height he said: "Mr. Moderator, our friend from D ——— is greatly exercised over what he is pleased to call levituousness, by the which, I suppose, he means levity. Now, Mr. Moderator, I am not much of a hand to laugh myself, but, ah—ah don't see much harm in a laugh. Whv, Mr. Moderator, ah—ah ve seen men in Scotland laugh!"

The scene following may be more easily imagined than described. It is quite possible the members had to adjourn for repairs.

Down town the other day we spied a painting, done by one of our undergrads, of some trees and rushes and in a boat two people who sat so far apart that one would suppose they had been indulging in a lover's tiff. Could the painting of such a picture be fairly called a SCOTT act?

THE Rugby football team, which played at Ottawa on Saturday, the 27th October, was largely composed of students of Queen's. We notice that Marquis and Dennistoun are credited with doing the best play of the day. The Marquis of Lansdowne, with the Marchioness and suite, were on the field and manifested a great deal of interest in the game.

We wish to have some understanding as to whether we are to have freedom from annoying disturbances while we are engaged in study. We have reference to the playing of the organ, games, loud talking, or any disturbance which hinders us in our work. We cannot, especially so late in the season, afford to be hampered in our studies, and if our wishes in this respect cannot be met, we desire to be made aware of it in order that we may look us a suitable boarding house.

The above was handed to an ostentatious landlady towards the latter part of '81-2.

How is it that poets and philosophers are of so congenial a nature of late.

Prior. And Tarne said that this period of revival was a century of paganism. . . . And yet this was a revival of the Anglo-Saxon genius. Student (of an inquiring mind)! And are we to infer from this that the Anglo-Saxon genius tended to paganism?

SCENE 1.—Senior's room about second day after opening of lecture, said senior not in; enter another senior, takes in room and contents, discovers five dress suits on wall, off goes his coat, on goes the full dress affair, my ain't I fine, (door opens downstairs) wild scene, madly jerks and pulls at the garment, hastily dons his original garb, false alarm.

Scene 2.—Senior continues his investigation in absent senior's room, lifts a suspicious paper off the table and behold a large pound cake, senior looks hungry, jaws work, cake disappears, senior looks happy and content.

A sign of the times—Junior coming up Princess street with a coal oil can in his hand. Query, is he married; or does he keep house; or is he in some boarding house carried on on some new plan?

OUR Association football team go to Cobourg on Thursday morning to take part in the tournament which is to be held there on Thursday and Friday under the auspices of the Victoria College F. B. Association. All the leading clubs in the Central Association are expected to participate, and we trust our club will be able to place a team on the field which may win glory for Queen's and bring back with them the silver cup which is offered for competition by the Cobourg Association. After last Saturday's showing at Belleville we are confident our boys will give a good account of themselves. We wish them every success.

On Thursday the Rugby team meet a team from Brockville in the Cricket Field here.

It is stated upon good authority that that venerable institution, the *Concursus Iniquitatis*, is about to sit on a sophomore. It is the intention of the officers of the Court this session to carry out to the very letter all that is understood, and punish to the full extent of the Court's jurisdiction every offender who may deviate in the slightest degree from the paths of rectitude.

## ❖FROM EXCHANGES.❖

NEW YORK RELIGION.

"JOHN," said a rich New York grocer to his man "have you mixed the glucose with the sugar?"

"Yes, sir."

"And sanded it, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dampened the tobacco?"

"Yes, sir."

"And watered the whiskey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you may come in to prayer."

HOW TO KISS.

(Not for Freshmen.)

VALUABLE ADVICE.

Cream and peaches once a week,  
Kiss your girl on the right hand cheek;  
Apples green and apples dried,  
Kiss her on the other side.—*Review*.

That evinces wretched taste;  
Take your girl about the waist,  
Lift her to her pink toe-tips,  
And print it squarely on her lips.

—*Frankfort Yeoman*.

Seize the maiden in your arms,  
Blushing with her tempting charms;  
And it would, we think, be snigger,  
Oft to kiss and tightly hug her.—*Paris Citizen*.

Take your girl in warm embrace—  
Heart to heart and face to face—  
Eye to eye, and nose to nose;  
Flirty-hop, and away it goes.

—*Flemingsburg Democrat*.

What's the use of all this rhyme?  
Take your girl at any time;  
Squeeze her till till the blushes come,  
Shut your eyes, and—yum-yum-yum!

—*Christian at Work*.

We find our way by far the best  
To set the senses in a whirl—  
Just give your own dear girl a rest,  
And kiss some other fellow's girl.

—*Lockport Daily Union*.

This's wrong, we do protest,  
The girl, she needs no rest.  
Kiss once, and kiss again,  
Kiss often, or she will complain.

—*Randolph Macon Monthly*.

To us a better way is this:  
With head inclined to prevent collision,  
With arms entwined to promote precision,  
Just go ahead, and kiss, kiss, kiss,

Another way is better still,  
Like water running down a hill;  
To grab your girl, and steal a kiss,  
As if it were unhallowed bliss.—*Ex.*

THE estimate of college property in this country is \$40,000,000.

OUT of the alumni from fifty-eight colleges and universities, since 1825, 3,377, or 9 per cent., are recorded as physicians; 9,991, or 21 per cent., as clergymen; and 6,105, or 10 per cent., as lawyers.